

A Drop of Ink  
Makes Millions Think

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

LOOK  
At this Little Tag and  
see how YOU stand  
with the Herald.

VOL. XIX.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1893.

NO. 26.

## Pimples AND Blotches

ARE EVIDENCE That the blood is  
impure, and that nature is endeavor-  
ing to throw off the impurities.  
Nothing is so beneficial in assisting  
nature as *Stearns' Skin Cure*. It is a  
simple vegetable compound. It is  
harmless to the most delicate child, yet  
it forces the poison to the surface and  
eliminates it from the blood.

I contracted a severe case of blood poison  
that united for four years. A  
box of *Stearns' Skin Cure* cured  
me. J. C. Jones, City Marshal,  
Fulton, Arkansas.  
Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases,  
and *Stearns' Skin Cure*, at  
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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HARTFORD, KY.  
WILL practice his profession in all the  
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## J. B. WILSON, COUNTY SURVEYOR And Real Estate Agent.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to Mine  
Surveying, Mapping, and a specialty.  
Office with Higgs & Fells, Hartford.

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Office over "Red Front."

## DENTIST, HARTFORD, KY.

Office over "Red Front."

Prepared to do all kinds of dental  
work at reasonable prices.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who  
suffer from debility, should use Parker's  
Hair Balm. It is a perfect remedy for  
all cases of debility, and is a perfect  
remedy for all cases of debility.

## WHISKEY

Whiskey and other liquors  
sold at the lowest prices.  
J. W. HALE,

## J. W. HALE,

Forfeville, Kentucky.

## JEWELER

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repairing done  
on short notice. Special attention given  
to all orders. All work guaranteed. Terms  
most reasonable.

## COURAGE IN BATTLE.

STORIES OF BRAVE MEN AND  
GALLANT DEEDS.

## General Gordon at Antietam— An Incident of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade—Gen. Bartlett's Courage.

GEN. CLEBURNE'S DEATH.

(George L. Kimer, in St. Louis Republic.)  
What sort of men stand up to the  
test of battle, gentlemen?  
"Oads!" those capable of emotional  
fire or mere clouds lacking in imagination  
and moral sensibilities?

That brilliant Confederate soldier,  
General John B. Gordon, once declared  
in two short sentences what appeared  
to those who heard it, a capital thesis  
on moral courage. Commenting on the  
conduct of a Union veteran, which  
struck him as morally sublime, he ex-  
claimed:

"I would like to know that man's  
soldier record. I wager he was a hero  
in the field."

The chance remark will bear a strong  
interpretation, and that not because  
General Gordon held high rank in a  
modern army, but for the reason that  
no soldier on either side performed  
greater deeds of personal daring, or led  
picked men into the jaws of death with  
greater frequency or with better re-  
sults than he. Entering the army a  
civilian Captain in 1861, Gordon came  
out a Lieutenant General, the successor  
in Lee's councils and enterprises of  
Stonewall Jackson and the marshal of  
Jackson's famous old battalions.

In his first battle he boldly rode into  
a "hornet's nest," where 372 out of 628  
who followed him were shot down and  
34 officers out of 46 were killed or  
wounded. His horse was shot under  
him and he carried away nine bullet  
holes in his uniform.

Again and again in charges that failed  
only because the impossible had been  
attempted, the dead of Gordon's  
band lay nearest the enemy's blazing  
guns and where his men went he rode  
at the head of the column. The hottest  
corners of the fields of Malvern Hill,  
Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettys-  
burg, the deadly thickets at the Wilder-  
ness, the "bloody angle" at Spottsylvania,  
the rocky barricades at Cedar  
Creek, the trenches at Petersburg held  
back no secrets of marvelous valor  
from his eyes, for he was in them all,  
sometimes a victim and always the  
bravest of the brave. He was carried  
from the "bloody lane" at Antietam—  
by all odds the most gory bit of Ameri-  
can landscape the sun ever shone upon—  
with a bullet through the right fore-  
arm, another through the left shoulder,  
a third through the left cheek bone and  
two through the right leg.

That he should have to find battle-  
field courage under the jacket of a  
moral hero is significant, although  
looked at closely, the idea is not sur-  
prising. It means that if he wanted to  
raise an army for desperate work and  
had choice in the matter, his recruiting  
ground would be those communities  
that cluster around the schoolhouse  
and the college, the church and the  
cultivated home, rather than the levees  
and the wharves of seaport towns and  
the slums of cities teeming with vicious  
idlers. This draws a sharp line, and  
many striking exceptions may be placed  
on either side.

A hero of the century, the beau ideal  
of a dashing, gallant soldier who led  
the most desperate as well as the wild-  
est and most picturesque war enterprise  
of the age, and whose personal prowess  
made it also one of the most brilliant  
so far as valor goes, General Jean  
Humbert, rover of Ireland in 1798, was  
a man of low, mean origin, an  
adventurer of the most unscrupulous  
type. He enjoyed the patronage and  
friendship of Napoleon, in whose breast  
the love of men of lion heart was as  
sensitive as the passion of a woman. Yet  
in the prime of his days and at the  
height of his fame he disgraced his  
record and "threw a world away" for  
the smile of a Cleopatra. Napoleon's  
sister, the newly widowed wife of Gen-  
eral Leclerc, was the charmer, and  
Humbert made love to her while she  
wept at the bier of her lord, his former  
chieftain and warm personal friend.

The opposite of courage is commonly  
designated fear, but this definition will  
not do for the battlefield. Courage in  
battle and fear are inseparable and but  
for fear there would be no courage.  
The soldier who knows no fear in a  
literal sense, displays no more courage  
when he marches to the death-dealing  
cannon than would a man both deaf  
and blind. It is to see and realize  
danger, to fear it first and then take  
issue with it and brace for the encounter  
that calls out a man's courage.

The brigade of troops which in the  
civil war exemplified above all others  
the loftiest devotion and fighting cour-  
age, the Kentucky Orphan Brigade, was  
once stampeded by a trifle such as  
earns a scolding for babes in the crib.  
The command was in the presence of  
the enemy, and, overcome by fatigue  
on a night march, the men dropped  
asleep in the road where they had halted  
to await orders. An aide of the  
General shortly passed along on horse-  
back, picking his way carefully among  
the prostrate soldiers. One of them,  
half awake and startled, thought he saw  
the horse about to tread on a comrade  
and cried sharply, "Look out!" That  
was all. In an instant a hundred of the  
sleeping men clutched the muskets  
that rested in their lax fingers, sprang  
to their feet and over a fence into the  
first flimsy hiding place they found,

like a covey of flushed partridges. With  
no other haste than the precipitate  
haste of the first exodus, other hun-  
dreds followed suit. So there were  
men who at Shiloh had rushed to the  
charge upon Sherman's rallied line,  
men who in their last previous action—  
Stone River—had stormed Union bat-  
teries that not alone moved down  
soldiers, but actually cut wide swaths in  
the forest through which Kentuckians  
marched to the attack, the survivors in  
scattering companies wading the river  
under a galling fire to silence the mur-  
derous guns; men who in their next  
battle—Chickamauga—were to charge  
breastworks in open field against double  
odds, and carry them, too, and who at  
Missionary Ridge and before Atlanta  
were to close their martial career with  
deeds of valor matchless in American  
annals, started out of their beds  
as a thoughtless fellow in a moment  
of trepidation called out "Boo!" in the  
darkness.

The ideal in courage is probably  
never attained. A soldier is never satis-  
fied with his own conduct, no matter  
how sharply he may recent aspersions  
made by others. Twice I took up an  
ideal, or at least tried to emulate two  
ideal fighters often under my eye in  
battle, and it is needless to say that I  
never caught up with my exemplars.

The first was my earliest Colonel  
(General Joseph J. Bartlett). In my  
maiden battle I took him for a model.  
He had been once under fire, had come  
out with a record, and I reasoned this  
way: Here is one whom a few months  
ago I jostled on the streets at home, he  
a young lawyer, I a student; no farther  
apart than a few years makes men.  
We were born and reared almost in sight  
of each other's homes, fed on the same  
mountain air and sipped by the same  
ideals. If one battle can graduate him  
as a war leader, surely one battle can  
finish me as a follower. In that shaky  
moment which precedes the outbreak  
of smoke and flying things I noticed  
that he was as human as any man there,  
but he skillfully threw off the feeling,  
which if yielded to develops into nerv-  
ousness. He assumed a sternness of  
manner and tone and braced himself  
gradually until we were launched into  
the full excitement, when all came easy,  
just as swimming does to a novice the  
moment his feet can't touch bottom.

At that stage, judging from my ex-  
emplar, I looked upon courage in bat-  
tle as a matter of will power in the in-  
dividual. At the same time I was con-  
fused to discover that my will power  
was many, many degrees stronger with  
General Bartlett in sight. That may be  
courage by proxy, but it helps many  
a man through.

The next marshal of my uncertain  
courage was a leader I first met in the  
trenches at Spottsylvania. We were at  
very close quarters and the enemy's  
fire held us prisoners during daylight.  
At dusk, however, we would venture  
out and repair and strengthen our de-  
fenses by patching them up with logs  
and earth. The first evening I noticed  
our battalion Major, John Hodges, of  
the Fourteenth Artillery, handling axe  
and spade like a yoman, while other  
officers hinged the parapet, or any  
cover within reach—for the shooting  
didn't stop—only the aim was haphazard.  
Noting that I was a newcomer, the  
Major put me at ease by asking where  
I had served before, and chatting com-  
monplaces in a familiar way—the while  
we both ducked our heads in concert  
while a shell went by—pointing out the  
best places for a log or a spade of  
earth, and in fact dwelling upon any  
subject besides the one of first im-  
portance, namely, the fact that we oc-  
cupied a hot corner, and might expect  
a bitter fight in holding on.

A few days later we crossed the  
North Anna river by wading on the old  
broken milldam over which the current  
rushed with a force that carried many  
of our feet, attacked the enemy on  
the other shore, drove them back and  
divided our forces so that part could be  
fighting while others slashed down  
timber and tossed up the earth to build  
barricades. Again the Major was out,  
spade in hand, chatting and directing  
the men, laughing over a wet plunge  
he got while trying to make the ford on  
horseback and keeping our minds off  
the serious side of things. Wounded  
men were streaming past from the out-  
posts, and it was plain that we would  
have to fight, go to Andersonville, or  
take chances of being shot while swim-  
ming to the rear, but our leader kept  
our minds on other things until the  
breastworks were done and our position  
secure.

"There," thought I, "is another  
kind of hero. He doesn't give fear  
a chance to forestall courage."

A few days later he led the battalion  
against Lee's earthworks at Petersburg,  
going in mounted, an uncalculated ex-  
posure unless he did it to inspire the  
men. The ground was one where over-  
all attempts had failed. After the order  
was given to prepare for the charge and  
while awaiting the fateful word he took  
a picture of his wife and babe from his  
pocket, kissed it, and in that moment  
of tenderness confessed to a friend that  
he felt a presentiment that he should  
fall in the coming assault. Then he  
sprang into the saddle, and before he  
had ridden ten paces beyond the crest  
where the line formed he was shot dead.

There is, unquestionably, a species  
of fury or battle fever that seizes upon  
certain men in action, though many  
veterans scout the idea. But there are  
exceptions to any form of inspiration  
whatever. I have seen men transformed  
as perceptibly upon every feature as  
the shifting light and shadows seen up-  
on the face of nature when the sun darts  
from behind a cloud. It is as though  
hands of restraint were loosened and

denly, and the pulses seem to leap as  
under an electric shock. I have felt  
the change and noted it at the instant.  
During such a mood a soldier will  
attack anything that shows fight.  
Actors, orators and preachers under-  
stand this, for there comes to them a  
time when the occasion, the scene, the  
approving audience, transports them  
from the real to the ideal, and inspira-  
tion—as good as any name, if it has  
been abused—carries them away.  
Again, the spur to a marvelous deed  
may be incidental to the moment.

When Kilpatrick ordered Farnsworth  
to lead his squadrons among the rocky  
boulders and standing timber on the  
slopes of Round Top at Gettysburg in  
the face of a brigade of infantry, the  
brave young soldier protested that it  
was sending men to slaughter.

"These are too good men to kill," he  
pleaded.  
"If you are afraid to lead this charge,  
I will," said Kilpatrick.  
There was no challenge and fiery  
answer for a moment, then the General  
of a day gave the signal for that wild  
ride to death. Circling the field to  
draw the enemy's fire—the sole purpose  
of the charge—and finding his hand re-  
duced to a handful and completely  
surrounded, he started, sword in hand,  
to cut his way through a whole regi-  
ment that stood across the path of re-  
treat. Unharned in the first dash he  
sprang into the saddle of a fallen troop-  
er and rode on until he was overcome  
by the drain of five mortal wounds.  
Farnsworth's charge would stand in  
history as a second Balaklava had not  
Pickett's, occurring a couple of hours  
earlier, given the world a more pic-  
turesque feat of arms to wonder about.

It is believed that General T. R.  
Cleburne, who was killed at Franklin,  
Tenn., in 1864, while riding all alone  
against the Union breastworks—the  
most heroic episode of the kind in the  
war—went into action that day pined  
by a remark from his superior shortly  
before the attack, reflecting upon the  
spirit of Cleburne's troops.

At Shiloh, Colonel Allen, of the  
Fourth Louisiana, led his men four  
times against the famous "Union Hor-  
net's Nest," only to meet with repulse.  
Receiving an order for another charge,  
he asked his commander, General  
Bragg, if the men must repeat the as-  
sault.

"Colonel Allen, we want no faltering  
here," said Bragg, haughtily, then turned  
away.

Though bleeding from a painful  
wound, the Colonel would not abandon  
his soldiers to their fate, but rode to  
the colors, sounded the charge and  
dashed once more into the frightful  
carriage.

Blindness,  
Paralysis,  
Rheumatism.

GEN. H. K. K. Sept. 9, 1891.  
DEAR SIR:—More than two years  
ago my eyes began to fail me. I im-  
mediately applied to eminent oculists  
for relief; for eighteen months they  
treated me without a particle of benefit.  
Finally, about three months ago, I  
went totally blind, and, as a last resort,  
I procured an Electrope, which, very  
much to the gratification of myself and  
family, has restored my sight. It has  
also greatly benefited my wife and  
daughter. My wife has been a subject  
of paralysis for more than two years,  
and my daughter a sufferer from inflam-  
matory rheumatism for more than  
twelve years. All this has been effected  
in the last two months. Too much can  
be said in praise of the Electrope.  
If I were the possessor of the  
only one in existence, and it could not  
be reproduced, the wealth of the  
universe would not purchase it. I con-  
sider it the greatest invention of the  
age. Truly and gratefully yours,  
C. W. GREENFIELD, M. D.  
Fifty page book sent free. Address,  
DuBois & Wren, Louisville, Ky.

General Debility is a complaint quite pre-  
valent and one of the most difficult for which to  
find a cure. There is an medicine known that  
is so successful in treating general debility as  
German Liver Syrup. Acting directly on the  
digestive organs, it promotes good digestion,  
improves the blood, and restores the system  
to its normal condition. It is a perfect  
remedy for all cases of debility, and is a  
perfect remedy for all cases of debility.

Just as sure as hot weather comes  
there will be more or less bowel com-  
plaint in this vicinity. Every person,  
and especially the young, should have  
some reliable medicine at hand for in-  
stant use in case it is needed. A 25 or  
50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Colic,  
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is just  
what you ought to have and all that you  
would need, even for the most severe  
and dangerous cases. It is the best,  
the most reliable and most successful treat-  
ment known and is pleasant to take.  
For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.,  
Hartford.

Are you suffering from weakness? If your  
complexion sallow? Do you have backache?  
Are you poor? If you feel tired is your  
energy poor? If you have any of these trou-  
bles, begin at once to use German Liver Syrup.  
It is the most pleasant remedy on earth. It  
does not grip, sicken or nauseate. Price, 25  
and 50 cent bottles at Williams, Bell & Co.'s  
Drug Store. Sample bottle free.

The following item, clipped from the  
St. Madison (Iowa), contains some infor-  
mation well worth remembering.  
"Mr. John Bobb, of this city, who met  
with an accident a few days ago, sprain-  
ing and bruising his leg and arm quite severely, was cured by one 50 cent  
bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm."  
This remedy is without an equal for  
sprains and bruises and should have a  
place in every household. For sale by  
Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

German Liver Syrup is guaranteed to  
cure dyspepsia if faithfully used according to  
directions, or your druggist will refund the  
money to you person not satisfied after using  
the whole or part of the bottle. See and  
hear per bottle at Williams, Bell & Co.'s drug  
store. Sample bottle free.

Symptoms—Distention, headache, constipation,  
variable appetite, souring of food, distress after  
eating. German Liver Syrup is guaranteed to  
cure dyspepsia if faithfully used according to  
directions, or your druggist will refund the  
money to you person not satisfied after using  
the whole or part of the bottle. See and  
hear per bottle at Williams, Bell & Co.'s drug  
store. Sample bottle free.

A Run on a Bank.  
"Those who read about runs on  
banks," said George M. Shelley, "think

## MUST SETTLE DOWN.

POSTMASTERS REQUIRED TO AT-  
TEND TO BUSINESS.

## How Men With Claims Against the Government Manage to Exist in Luxury— Bogus Claims.

ABOUT MRS. CLEVELAND.

(Special Correspondence of the Herald.)

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1893.

Postmaster-General Bissell has re-  
cently made a statement to the press  
concerning the appointment of post-  
masters which will be of interest  
to the country at large. He stated that  
despite all rumors to the contrary he  
had as yet made but one ruling with  
reference to postmasters, to-wit, that  
they would be required to devote their  
attention to the duties of their office.  
This rule, he stated, applied to all Pres-  
idential offices and to the fourth class.  
He further stated that there would not be  
a "clean sweep" of the fourth-class  
postmasters, but that no decision had  
been made allowing appointments of the  
last administration to continue in office  
indefinitely, and that in analogy to the  
terms affixed to other offices of the Gov-  
ernment there would seem to be prop-  
riety in not removing fourth-class  
postmasters who have held less than  
four years, unless cause exists for such  
removal.

Mr. Bissell expressed the belief that  
it would be a great advantage if some  
plan could be devised that would result  
in practically placing the power of se-  
lecting these officers in the hands of  
the people of the various localities, thus  
affording much-needed relief to the  
officials of the Postoffice Department  
and the Representatives in Congress  
from the importunities of applicants for  
these positions. Moreover, he thinks it  
is not and cannot be in the interest  
of the people that the power to appoint  
postmasters of a class already 65,000 in  
number should be vested in a single  
officer of the general government re-  
mote from the localities and the people  
affected by its exercise.

This statement of Mr. Bissell has given  
much satisfaction to Democratic  
Congressmen. They regard it as a dis-  
tinct modification of his celebrated  
ruling requiring that charges be filed  
against fourth-class postmasters, even  
though they have served the full four  
years' term. While there is nothing in  
the language used which states directly  
the modification of this ruling, they in-  
fer it has been done for the reason that  
Mr. Bissell said that charges must be  
filed against "fourth-class postmasters  
who have held less than four years."

It has often been wondered how men  
with claims against the Government  
come to Washington with nothing save  
the papers in their pockets and live for  
season after season in gayety and afflu-  
ence. The city contains many such  
people when Congress is in session.  
The mystery was partially explained  
recently by a department clerk. He  
was approached last winter by a West-  
erner who said that the United States  
owed him \$15,000, which he was certain  
to get. The claim was a good one, and  
the bill granting him relief had passed  
its first reading. Upon consideration  
that when the money was secured he  
should be paid \$5,000, the clerk agreed  
to advance the claimant \$125 a month,  
which he did for five months. The bill  
finally went through all right, and the  
claimant deposited his \$15,000 in a  
local bank and immediately transferred  
it to his home bank by cashier's draft.  
The clerk is now out \$633, and he will  
probably try to "catch even" by also  
putting in a claim against the Govern-  
ment. Of course he will fail.

Mrs. Cleveland will leave the city in  
a few weeks to open the summer home  
at Buzzard's Bay, Mass., where she  
will spend a portion of the season, al-  
ternating between that resort and the  
country place on the Woodley Road,  
near this city, of which latter she has  
recently taken possession. Upon first  
moving into this suburban home here  
President and Mrs. Cleveland had con-  
sidered to spend the entire summer  
there, with the possible exception of  
August, when the cool breezes of the  
seaside would hold greater attractions  
and afford the desired change before  
the resumption of the winter's so-  
cials. These plans, however, have now  
undergone a change, as Mrs. Cleveland  
is desirous of taking her infant daugh-  
ter to Buzzard's Bay before the advent  
of the intense heat in the city.

The days at the country place here  
on Woodley Road are spent in enjoy-  
able quiet by President and Mrs. Cleve-  
land, who receive numerous visits from  
friends who drive out during the fine  
afternoons, the earlier portions of  
which are spent by Mrs. Cleveland in  
riding about the country or calling at  
the White House in her carriage for  
their late dinner. In this connection,  
it will be of general interest to know  
that an addition to the President's fam-  
ily is anticipated during the present  
summer.

A Run on a Bank.  
"Those who read about runs on  
banks," said George M. Shelley, "think

only of the excitement on one side of  
the counter, and have little idea of  
what goes on on the other side of it.  
Some fifteen years ago I was a clerk in  
a small bank in Montreal upon which  
there was a steady run. Beyond saying  
with the Scriptures, 'An enemy hath  
done this,' we could give no explanation  
for the attack, because the bank, al-  
though small, was in a healthy con-  
dition. Every large depositor, how-  
ever, wanted his money out at once,  
and an hour before closing time it be-  
came evident that we could not possi-  
bly hold out unless a large amount of  
currency and coin could be obtained  
right away. The cashier mingled with  
the crowd and assured the loudest  
talkers that the bank would pay dollar  
for dollar, and other means were adopt-  
ed to allay suspicion. These, however,  
were of no avail, and the entire staff,  
which was not very large, realised that  
the time was near. Just as we did this  
relief occurred in a very remarkable  
manner.

"Our president, who was a man of  
very high standing in the community,  
was not at the bank that day, but  
hearing of the run, came in. He was  
one of those men who were evidently  
out for leaders or rulers, for his in-  
fluence was felt in a moment. Address-  
ing the crowd, he absolutely ignored  
the danger of suspension, and told  
those in the rear, who were in a hurry,  
to break up their checks to him and he  
would exchange them for his own per-  
sonal checks on another and larger  
bank in the city. Two or three accept-  
ed his offer, but the balance of the  
crowd was so impressed with his cool-  
ness and evident good faith that they  
seemed rather ashamed of themselves  
and went away. We closed up the  
night with a nominal balance in the  
safe, but before morning we had secured  
a large amount of specie, and several  
who had drawn out the afternoon pre-  
vious paid in their money again. The  
bank is still in existence, and is prob-  
ably as safe as any small bank in the  
country.

A Pleasant Anniversary.  
A correspondent writing from Liver-  
more of the happy celebration of their  
golden wedding by Rev. R. T. Stevens  
and wife, on the 6th inst., says it was  
one of the most pleasant and impres-  
sive events he ever witnessed. A num-  
ber of friends were present, and great-  
ly enjoyed the hospitality of the popu-  
lar old people.

The picture of conjugal fidelity and  
love which the lives of these two Chris-  
tian people present is a most beautiful  
one. Through storms and sunshine  
they have climbed the hill together,  
and firm in their devotion to each other  
and to the God whom they have so  
long served, together they stand look-  
ing with a steadfast trust toward the  
approaching West, into which their  
lives must soon fade to be renewed  
again for a dwelling together and with  
Him through a long-to-morrow.

Among the events of interest of the  
day was the reading of the following  
by the aged husband, whose memory  
and whose fancy still are young. Facing  
the little audience assembled under  
his hospitable roof, Mr. Stevens said:

"It was June 28, 1848, a beautiful  
bright day, that we entered into the  
marriage covenant. Our state was then  
changed from 'single blessedness' to  
conjugal felicity. The covenant was  
not changed into sacredness or weakened  
its claims; it will remain the same, 'as  
long as we both shall live.' It would  
therefore seem to be mockery and to be  
trifling with a sacred rite to repeat  
the ceremony on this occasion.

"This occurred fifty years ago to-day.  
On that day—as on this—the roses  
were blooming, flowers in field and for-  
est were emitting their sweetest frag-  
rance; nature had donned her beauti-  
ful robe of green and wore a cheerful  
aspect. To add to the interest of the  
occasion, birds in fruit trees and in  
shrubs, as well as in the depths of  
the forest, were warbling their sweetest  
notes. With all nature holding up its  
voice in the promise of happiness, we,  
with cheerful hearts, moved to our  
humble home.

"The first night after we had moved  
home, being fully conscious of our de-  
pendence upon a good God for all  
blessings temporal as well as spiritual,  
before retiring we erected the family  
altar, and have kept the fire burning on  
that altar from that night to this day.  
Until our vocal powers became weak  
we would sing praises as well as offer  
prayer to God at our family worship.  
We used those good old hymns that  
were composed expressly for the pur-  
pose. At morning we might sing the  
hymn commencing

"Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high."  
At night:

"Now from the altar of our hearts  
Let warmest thanks arise,  
And, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice."  
"We commenced life with small  
means, but were fully persuaded that if  
we would faithfully and religiously per-  
form our duty, our Heavenly Father  
would see that our wants were sup-  
plied. In that faith we have lived all  
these long years and have not been dis-  
appointed. True, we are not rich, nor  
do we desire to be, but have been  
blessed with a sufficient amount to en-  
able us at all times to help others who  
were more needy than ourselves.

"We have not been without days  
overcast by dark clouds, but the days  
of darkness have been greatly outnum-  
bered by days of brightness and sun-  
shine. During the days of deepest  
gloom we were not left to despair; the  
light of hope cheered the darkness and  
gave the clouds a silver lining. All and  
in all, God has been gracious to us.

"Are there those who are curious to  
know how we managed our domestic  
affairs? Well, as soon as we arose of a  
morning—and that was pretty early—I  
would make a fire in the fire-place,  
(there were no cooking stoves then),  
and after family worship I would be  
looking after farmyard interests, while  
my wife would prepare breakfast. After  
breakfast, I to my plow or hoe or  
axe, my wife to her wheel or loom or  
needle. Yes, my wife, besides keeping  
her house in order, milked the cows,  
churned the butter, washed our cloth-  
ing, spun and wove linen, jeans, linsey  
and blankets, and out and made our  
wearing apparel, sewing by hand,  
(then there were no such things as sew-  
ing machines), besides doing all the  
hauling and taking care of our children.  
Does some one ask, how did she do all  
this? I do not know; I only know that  
she did it.

"I was busy on the farm raising corn  
and wheat and oats and tobacco, and  
other products common to the farm.  
We then used the Cary plow with wood-  
en mould-board. We had no reapers,  
or mowers, or silky-rakes, or threshing  
machines. We cut our grain with a  
sickle or cradle, and mowed our grass  
with a scythe and raked it with wooden  
pitch-forks. We tramped out our grain  
with horses, and cleaned it ready for  
the mill with a winnowing fan. With  
all these drawbacks we got along.  
True, our fare was plain, but we had  
plenty and were contented.